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A canvas covered cabin in a crowded labor camp
Stands out in this mem'ry I revive
Cause my daddy raised a family there with two hard working hands
And tried to feed my mama's hungry eyes
He dreamed of something better and my mama's faith was strong
And us kids were just too young to realize
That another class of people put us somewhere just below
One more reason for my mama's hungry eyes

Mama never had the luxuries she wanted but it wasn't cause my daddy didn't try
She only wanted things she really needed
One more reason for my mama's hungry eyes

I remember daddy praying for a better way of life
But I don't recall a change of any size
Just a little loss of courage as their age began to show
And more sadness in my mama's hungry eyes
Mama never had the luxuries she wanted...
I still recall my mama's hungry eyes